



# The Nightmare of James Charleston Jr.



👁 12 ✓ 3 ★ 3

## Chapter 1 by Dave Strider

He woke up from his nightmare, he isn't in that castle he called his home. The castle where all of his mental suffering, the horrors he saw in his naked eye slits. Where is he? He's laid down on this concrete bed. Low lighting, no windows to what's going outside, blank white walls, a small room. He is in a mental hospital, a doctor. Looks like one comes to the room. "Hello Mr. Carlson, how did you sleep?". What hell is this, that's he's in. "Where the hell am, I?". The Doctor seems surprised, he never knew he would have this severe of amnesia. But he knew, as his profession for keeping all the patient checked. He smiled at him, a genuine smile. "Why, Mr. Carlson you are in this mental facility." "How come?". Then he remembered, he killed. He killed the incident of the castle, after going through the horrific images of the Butcher. The Doctor laughed at him, he knew, they both knew why he's here." You killed five people. James, brutally too. Now this is what you've told us when you were first commissioned here. You were "experiencing memories of fighting this 'Butcher' and you isolated in this 'Castle B--'. Now I will ask you again. How did you sleep?". He remembered it, the memories, the Butcher, the nightmares from sleeping in the Castle. It's all coming back to him. The Nightmare.

## Chapter 2 by Dave Strider



### CHAPTER I

### THE NEVERENDING

### NIGHTMARE

The Castle Brunswick, was once owned by a wealthy noble who used his castle to look over his

serfs. In cloudy nights, he would sit in his comfy, lovely and novelty chair. Where he would watch

over the fireplace of his all the p... See more of Story Wars

...ed. He would dream of how

would it be like for them. ... hide or escape. But to

embrace the horror, to en... feeling of pure pain and

suffering. He imagined this when he sits down, drinking the red velvet wine. The noble would go

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

to the king's court, when he's summoned. Though he isn't keen on as a listener of his master, King of all of their lands. Can kick the boot off of their fancy pantaloons, and hire a new noble. He is the King after all. The wealthy man, Friedrich Charles Brunswick was the owner of this castle, it was bestowed on his son's, his son's grandson's. Then passed down by Charles Jr. Who carries the burden of Brunswick name. He didn't like the maids, he wish he can give them a better pay. But the maids reply. "We don't need noise, master. What we earn is good enough.". He thinks to himself, he wished he could have done something for them. He has no serfs no more to collect the crop, the wheat for bread. No, no. This is all made by someone else, the meat for his lunch and dinner were made and checked, over and over. The chief didn't want any errors in the meal. These delicious, exquisite dishes. All nicely crafted, all beautiful and just pure heaven to taste. The cook was good, the food was good. They had a farm for the animals to be sheltered, fed and to be butchered. It was midnight, every night, when the moon is at it's highest. He writes to his children, and his wife, Elizabeth. Lamp of dimmed lighting shine over his wooden desk, he's in his bedroom. Where an exquisite, nice, and delicate bed was. His bed, this room was nicely and keen, tip-top shape. No crumbs, no blood. No corpses on the rugs to paint the rugs a paint job. All, nice. He writes to his family, feeling with anxiety, but confident. Confident but poisoned with fear.

" JANUARY 13TH, 1929

Brunswick, Castle

Dear Love,

I've missed your letters since you've written back. I miss the children, I miss you. I miss all of you, I wish I can bring you all to the castle. I wish we can live together, but I can't. As much as my heart, and soul is willing. I fear it'd be a regretful decision, but this may be the last time I will ever write to you. I fear something is coming to haunt me. To scare me. I know it's nonsense, but it's been a feeling I've been developing since the first day I was given the ownership of this castle. Tell the children, I love them. That I wish them many hopes, and my fatherly affection towards them. I know it'll be hard for you and the kids, to not hear those words or those letters

anymore. But it's for my safety. I may write you again. But it's the last time I write to you, this month.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

FROM YOUR BELOVED

JAMES CHARLESTON BRUNSWICK JR. “

A maid comes to his enclosed door, she's a patient sixteen-year-old girl. Her family works her too, but for her mother. Her mother is in the outbounds of the castle walls, taking care of the animals. Wishing them her wishes of hope, of motherly love. She loves them, all of them. Even the jerky animals too, the ones who like putting up fights. Sometimes she would tell them. “Do you wish to be butchered like yo’ ancestors? Yo’ will if yo’ keep it up.”. After telling them that, in a dead serious tone, telling them their fortune of their contemplated death by the clever of the Butcher. They whimpered, they posted their snouts and noses. Accepting her scream of their last wills. Then, they'd be loyal and do what she says. She doesn't like being that way, the way that people fear, the mood that set horror and fear into their souls, into their eyes. She would mostly be kind and loved by the people of the castle and the animals of the farm. The animals of the Crop. She is loved by all except the Butcher. She is kind and nice, gentle and mild in her nature. The animals appreciate her behavior, but in some early mornings, they'll be rambunctious as ever. “Stop yo ’two!”. After numerous attempts, all of the trying she did. She couldn't stand it any more, she couldn't take it, she hated when they are rambunctious; they are not following her kind warnings, of her telling them to stop. She just lost it.

After she screamed at them, the air grew silent, the sounds of rambunctious animals went completely dead, no sound. Just pure silent.

The maid knocked on the door, and I heard a fringed loud scream in the back of my head. Predicting that will become a reality, hearing her cries of agony and wanting to be safe. Let alone, you will be saved. By the Lord himself when you're passed away, I can't help you. Nobody can. I snap myself out of the confusion. I'm getting ahead of myself again, no not one of those episodes. Please, let me live this one night. A month, at least! I'm begging for mercy! I'm screaming inside, I see the blood on my hands. I see the horrifying imagery of which these condemned eyes can only see. I see them bleeding eye sockets, and I see the flesh of the young maid's ribcage being eaten like roasted prime venison!

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

these aren't the episodes that the regular people would ever see in their lifetime. These episodes I see throughout the night, and in my sleep. I sometimes scream out loud in my sleep as if they were real, these aren't the dreams the children would have, or an adult should ever face.

For these dreams, were nightmares and these nightmares were real.

"Are you ready to have your average breakfast, sir?"

"Oh yes, let me get myself prompted formerly. Is the breakfast already ready, or being prepared?"

"Why no, I can request for them to have it sent to your bedroom if you would so like. Or you can come down to your lovely, and long standing dining hall."

"I shall come down, ma'm. Tell them to take their time."

"What sausage are you up to eating?"

"What do they have? I keep forgetting what sausages the chief serves."

"Kielbasa, the average morning sausage, Polish kielbasa, and Italian sausage."

The meat, why does that makes me remember of gruesome images from my dreams?

"Scrap the girl's body top to bottom, eat her inners, to her gutters! From the gutters and eat her raw and thin! And when you're done, throw the bones to the dogs!"

There, there it goes. It's coming back to me, don't talk stay quiet, don't breathe, let the flesh scent choke your lungs out! Don't speak, let your inner cannibal out!

Difficult for me to answer questions now, I want to escape. I want to run, but I can't. I must stay here, because I was put here for a reason. I leave my episode so it doesn't leave me a trance of either contemplating psychotic actions or to go around and around on a merry go around of memories. "I would like the breakfast sausage." I finally answered her, and then I went back to my room. Where I cave in most of my time. I got out of my pajamas and the clothing i wear to go to sleep in. I wore a more casual attire, then I got out of my room. In the castle there are three bedrooms, but I don't know this castle as better as they do. They are the ones who go up and down the stairs like an elevator, and to and fro like sharp blades being used to cut the animal's

ribs open to get the meat from the pig and use it to fry, and make into a delicious humane meal.

See more of Story Wars

I brushed my hair elegant

Login

or

Create new account

spiced glass

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

**i** You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(0b5e7e25e8775f7e7e80906ada4f0021\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(740312fd467f47b04cab841ab3868d83\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(dbb8da2687e90ededffd3484b6b666cf\_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account